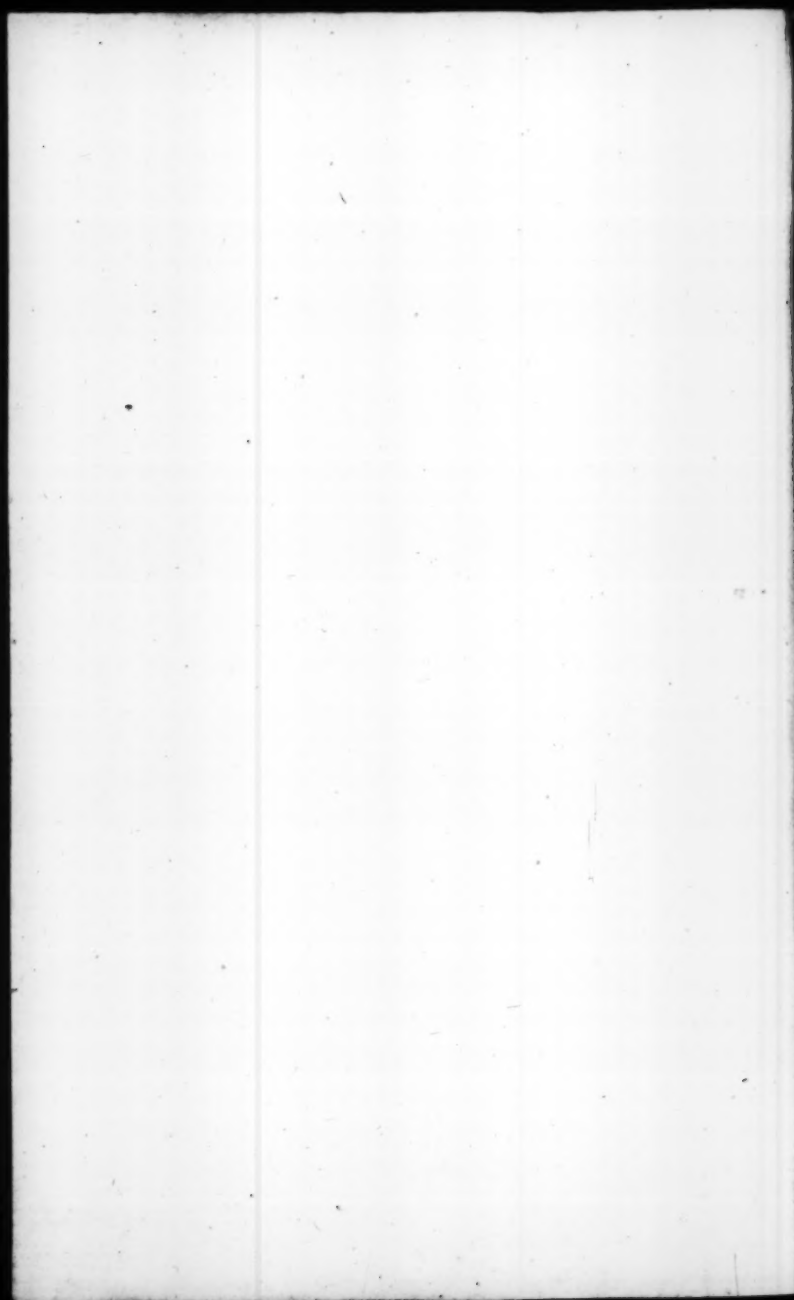


547 Newport (Francis) An Epitaphe of the Godlye constant and comfortable Confessor Mystres (Dorothee Wynnes) whiche slept in Christ the yeaere of Grace, 1551 (*in verse*), Black Letter, complete in the leaves but *margins dilapidated*, EXCESSIVELY RARE IF NOT UNIQUE, (with all faults), unbound Owen Rogers, 1551

See also LL. D.4.5 in 4th part. 598 (15)



CHILD THE YOUNG
OF GRACE.

Arch.
Boll.
A.I.
96



I had a voyce from heauen
saye sanct John sayng.

Blessed are the dead that dye
in the Lorde, for they from hens
forthe shall rest fro their labours,
and their woꝝkes followeth them

Favour is dysseitfull, and bebo-
tye is a dayne thinge, but a wom-
man that feareth the Lord, she is
woꝝthy to be praised.



¶ In this lre, we see
here,

Who fautes haue few, or ful of crym
in the same kinde, they doe appen
and dyinge well, this is fertyn
to all they cannot, turne agayne

Therefore I ende, dothe well declar
who doe Jmmeryt, to haue prayse
and also those, that vertouse are
which walked still, in godly wayes
for as they dye, so shall theyse
this is the saynge, of the wyse.

¶ Of our fathers, deserued fame
for that they hated, vertuose for
doubtles good women, doe the same
of in theyr lathes, like wysethe god
amongest which holpest, that are gone
I coupte Da:othye (Wynnes) for one

A. II.

that no more is spent, and she is gonne.
Whose Corpus is layed, in the graue
this world, vnto worthe to haue

For as the Lord first, gaue her life
so rated also, was her race
at when death came, which endith life
he yeldyde it ceyght, vnto hym place
as one full foyed, in her mynde
after this life, muche ioy to find

Thus is she deade, to lyue agayne
in that lyfe, that lasteth euer
highe in the heuens, where is no payne
amongest the holy, sayntes together
happye therfore, was her good chance
whome God of heuen, doth so aduance.
Though

Though she now be, be caried hence
and clotes of claye, closed out of sight
cease shall I not, my diligence
for to let forth, this worthy wight
whose bodie thorough, hys lye obscure
yet shall her fame, alwayes indure

In worstre there, there, dyd she
the towne to name, is calld Droste wiche
whose vertuose, dyd so muche excell
nowe she is gone, their lyues now such
for this I dare, be bolde to say
Al shenpre she was, in that countrey

Opne eare my frendes, & heeke more
of this meke Maydome, I desire
for whome good people, muche deplore
whose pite is fewe, in yench alure
and though this world, did her a noy
yet would she hath, nobo lasting loy

A. iii.

Gods

Gods worde she dyd, trulpe profess
hose life accordid, with the same
erfore all men, can say no lesse
it she deserues, eternall fame
to ther to think her, well woorth
monge the saintes, numbered to be

ment she was, full vp right
her fles, cleane dyd detest
child on Christe, the God of might
a perfect waye, wyl coumptinge best
death therfore, did her assaile
could hit not, her hart once quail

her papistes dyd her much deride,
she not, to them incline
for some such, that wanderyd wode
change christes, preceptes deuine
into euer, she dyd stande
would not byld, vpon the sande

after the christes word, once knet
papistes church, she dyd come

a... seen was, what ever did fall
neuer to bowe, her knees to Baal.

Therefore full manye: a sharpe shew
she dyd sustayne, in Harves dayes
whe tyrantes wolde: with force p[ro]ceed
her to: to walke: in thomye wayes
yet might they not: her once remoue
so feruent was, to God her loue.

She w[ith] her house, one God did cr
thyle every daye, with great desire
that he wold of his owne mercy
onse agayne, yet quench the fyre
whose voyce he heard, & dyd the sal
euen for the glory, of his name.

Mary route and mother, of god in
she was in bringinge, up of yowth
her childrens lyues, odest express
of whose verest, they may haue rest

A. iii.

For her womanlye, chastyte,
perfecte chaste, and puer lyfe
faythfull lyppes, can hit expresse
those that knew her, mayd and wyfe
whose fragrant name declares no lesse
cynous byntmentes, much to passe.

All thelmes, the dyd abhore
and loued well, good exerceple
her workes God bleast, a sent her
rich treasur subzant, and hat edlyes
thereof her, may by this brute
as the tree, such is the frute.

Her care was most, to help the poore,
here in the dyd, ryght fare excell
almes that was, dayly at her doore
the people there, dyd know full well.
God they crye, daylye therefore
and then now, for he frindes in store.

sainge she wold come, to beggarpe
but yet the Lorde, that sawe the deede
dyd alwayes helpe her, in her neede

How many tyme, she dyd releas
great maruell were it now to tell
and what for prisoners, she did geve
all that countrey, she did preserue
she loved so, Christs members here
that nothinge was, for them to deare

Abhorre she dyd, to haue excell
and porcyon, to eate alone
but gaue them of, the Fatherles
as one full of Compassion
therfore the scriptures, doth witnes
her soule shall neuer, seeke darknes.

Her mouth to wisdom, opened
her Language was, the lawe of grace

yet here is frutes, of gods electe

Now when y christe, in her last dayes
dyd vsyt her: with muchelyknes
and proued her fayth, sunderpe wayes
to make her to, his owne lyknes
she pain not then, for aney losse
but mekle yd Challe: lyke the crosse.

Her lyknes dyd, continue longe
lyke vnto Iobes, or Tymothee
yet in her pailions, pailmes the songs
wher in she had, felycete
whiche tokened, she was chrystes owne
in whome suche pailens, he had toben

Her harte was, irrefragable
throughe faith which she: staid hypon
that nether welthe: nor paine was able
her

her to remoue, from ~~ston~~ stone,
but styll in faith, endured she
as one the, Inuincible.

From tope to toe, she felt great paye
as Lazarus, that blessed man
whiche she full mekelye, did sustayne
although her frendes, forsoke her then
with out all murmuration
agenste Gods sweet correction.

And as Christes great Ignominye
by harden styll the same man
so did her marpe, aduertyng
more the impached fautes to fynde
thynkinge her accused to be
which yet with God, most blis was she

For this her self perswade the same
p though she here, her fawne had
yet at the last, he mote her rebuke
and bring her to selfe type.
which she did, as she should
and thus she was, as she should

hether she is noble, I dare well say
in euercasting, mye he and Joye

¶ If the sweete Chole, the best parte
which Christe had kepte, in memoerye
seinge howe he same, the did not starte
her same therfore, shall neuer lye
amongest the Blessed, I enuyne
though the wicked, ther at repyne

¶ If Dorcas, lyberallite
beinge in burying, to her praye
there is this worthie, that degree
that ever walked, in her wayes
for to the poore, she was a lone
none such I knowe, none she is gone

¶ If that Lydda, Comendyd be
for Joye she had, of holy men
the best grante, of the same tree
shuld we nowe cease, to praisse her than
to whom such grace, there did abound
that leue her lyke, can now be found

¶ If

...take her
which I present, here vnto you
Oh followe her, and doe the same
and God will giue you, praise and fame

As she thus hath, played her parte
and nowe resteth in Gods owne hand
so death wyll stryke vs, with his darte
whose power no fleshe, can with stand
God garunt therfore: to each degree
to happye in lyfe, and death to be.

Well I doe hope, that she shall ouer
though lyne of lyfe, be now out caste
ryle and reuyue, bothe fleshe and bones
and so in heuen, with Christ be plasce
thus leaue I her, in lasting Ioyes
and so: the same, geue God the praise.

Amen.

Finis quod Frances Newport.

Printed at

London by Owen Rogers

dwelling between both

Saint Bartelmey

and at the Spread

Eagle.

1510
1459
1510

51

4

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m. 7
60.

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240 18

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